THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Three hundred school children of Guam have struck and refuse to attend school unless they are supplied with American teachers and taught English. The rising population of Guam appears to have been born with a number of American characteristics, and will undoubtedly make good citizens.

It looks queer to see in the New York papers an advertisement of a tourist agency inviting the public to contract for a trip to Khartoum, yet the queerness only serves to bring home to us more vividly the wonders that the English, under Kitchener, have wrought in the Nile Valley within a few months. Khartoum, instead of a place of murder, fanatism and torture, the destination of Cook's tourists! Well, well! Events move fast these days.

Trading names and sentences is a practice is Pennsylvania prisons, according to the Philadelphia Press. It is known by the officials of the prisons and of the courts, but a way to prevent it has yet to be devised. A prisoner sentenced to a short term of imprisonment changes places with a long-term one. Of course the short-term man must agree to the proposition and carry out to the letter his part of the deception. This he does for a money consideration. Opportunity for this deception is afforded in the way in which convicts are received at the prisons. They go there in groups, under the care of a tipstaff, who seldom knows them. The dockets of conviction do not identify them, and when they are lined up before the warden it is a simple matter for one prisoner to answer to the name of another. To prevent anything of the kind occurring prison officials say that a photograph of each prisoner, together with his name and description, should be furnished to the warden and the prisoner should be identified at the time he enters the prison.

A Massachusetts correspondent of the Country Gentleman suggests that farmers might reasonably ask the sportsmen to share with them the proceeds of the hunt, and the editor advises a money consideration rather than a share of the game. This is, to an extent, the custom of the South, where shooting privileges are reserved for visiting sportsmen, who in return pay the taxes on the land. Forest and Stream would encourage this system. "From the present widely prevailing conditions of utter disregard of the landowner's rights by the visiting—that is to say, the invading and trespassing—gunner, to such a common recognition of the rights of others as shall make payment for shooting privileges obligatory, is a far cry," it says; "but the new order of things would be for the true interest of the sportsman. The more fully the privilege of shooting is regarded as a privilege, and the more commonly the recognition is insisted upon, so much the more game will there be for the decent sportsman, and so much the less for the rowdy. When these conditions shall prevail the problem of a game supply will in large measure have been solved."

The Canadian papers, taking a long look ahead, are discussing the time when the Dutch language will be spoken no longer in South Africa. This discussion has attracted the attention of the French newspapers in the Province of Quebec, and they are asking if the English-Canadians propose to abolish French in New France. Those who know Jacques Bonhomme, and who are familiar with his simplicity, his honesty, and the purity of his home life, will regret any change that makes a different man of him, says the Atlanta Constitution. He will remain the same, but his children will change, and this change will be accompanied by the gradual extinction of the French language in Canada. Great changes have taken place during the past twenty years. Thousands of French-Canadians come to the States every year. They stay awhile and then they go back, perhaps, but they carry new ways, new ideas, and a new language with them, and this new language has such a grip about it that it will gradually take the place of French. All this will not happen in a year, nor in many years, but it is happening every day in the year, and in the course of time English will take the place of French, not only in New France, but will root out other less flexible and fluent languages in all parts of the world.

REGINALD'S BRIDE.

Marion Grey was the child of wealthy parents, having been brought up in luxury and given a good education. Her mother died when she was 12 years of age, leaving her father to rear his motherless child as best he could.

His business did not prosper after his wife's death, and through the dishonesty of his partner he became almost reduced to bankruptcy. He went to work with the men that he had formerly employed, working night and day, straining his eyes to their uttermost, and finally causing total blindness. At this he sold his property and Marion was obliged to go to work.

She engaged a small tenement and searched daily for work, but to no avail. On returning home one day, tired and disheartened, her father said to here: "Marion, Mrs. Young called here today, and is going abroad with her husband, and would like to find a trustworthy person to take the care of her little boy, Harold. She heard of our circumstances, and thought that you might take this position as governess, and yet be near your old father. What do you think about it, my dear?"

"Well, father," said Marion in a cheerful tone, for she never allowed her father to see her downhearted, "do you think that you could stand the annoyance of this child, for he is but five years of age and has been indulged greatly?"

"My daughter," said her father, "it does seem as if this is a plan by which you can meet the expenses and yet be near me during the day."

Nothing more was said, and the following day Marion called on Mrs. Young and everything was settled satisfactorily. She brought Harold home with her, for he had been attracted to Marion at once, and Mr. and Mrs. Young were to sail the following day. The Youngs were people of wealth and attended the same church as Marion had done from childhood, and they felt well pleased at being able to find such a trustworthy person with whom to leave Harold.

Marion was in the habit of taking Harold for a stroll during the latter part of the day, and it was during one of these strolls that Harold exclaimed: "Why, Auntie, we meet that gentleman every day."

The gentleman, hearing the remark, turned and said: "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, sir," said Marion.

"Pardon me, but the child called you 'Auntie.' May I ask if he is your nephew?" said the gentleman.

"O, no, sir! I am Miss Grey, and have charge of him for a few months while his parents are abroad," said Marion.

"I am fond of children, and I should judge that this lad is about the same

SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED.

age as my young brother, whom I have not seen since a babe." After saying a few words to Harold, he wished them good afternoon and passed on.

Marion called Harold and walked leisurely home, little knowing what an impression she had made on this new acquaintance. Upon entering the house, Harold exclaimed: "O, grandpa, we met a real nice gentleman, and he talked with auntie!"

Mr. Grey made no reply, but during the evening asked Marion who the gentleman was. Marion replied that it was one that they had met frequently in their strolls, and Harold had opened the conversation by his childish remarks. "His name is Mr. Reginald Stacey, and he lives next door," she said.

"Stacey!" repeated Mr. Grey. "That sounds familiar. I once had dealings with one by that name, but he has passed away."

As time passed the meetings between Marion and her friend became more frequent and what was at first a mere acquaintance soon ripened into a deep affection, until one day Reginald said: "Marion, I am going away to complete my education, but there is something that I wish to tell you before going."

"Marion, I have loved you from the first sight, my dear," said Reginald.

"But, Reginald, what of my father? I love you, but I cannot leave him," said Marion.

"You and your father shall never be separated," he answered.

After spending some time in making promises and endearing words, he bade her a fond good-by.

That evening Marion told her father the whole story.

A little later on she received letters from Reginald, and often wondered why he did not speak about his people in them, but, thinking that the year would soon pass and having her time taken up with Harold and her father, she decided that on his return she would ask him about them. As time passed away rapidly, Mr. and Mrs. Young returned from abroad and took Harold home, paying Marion well. On her next visit to Marion and her father, Mrs. Young stated that she wished her to come with her a few days to help prepare for her older son's homecoming and that she was to bring her father also.

Marion was downhearted, for she had not heard from Reginald for some time. In his last letter he had said that he had graduated and his parents had returned home, and that he would soon join her.

Marion took up her new work, trying to be satisfied, and on the day of the arrival of the expected one, this being Mrs. Young's older son, Marion was in the sitting-room, and suddenly the door opened and in came Harold, saying: "My big brother has come," and Marion, looking up, exclaimed: "O, Reginald;" and he clasped her to him in a fond embrace. At this moment Marion's father and Mr. and Mrs. Young entered the room, and Marion demanded an explanation from them, which Mrs. Young laughingly gave.

"I was once Mrs. Stacey, and my son and I were separated soon after his father's death. I then married Mr. Young, whose son you have had the care of during the last year and one half. Reginald had not seen Harold since a baby, and, as I had not told him the name of the person with whom I had left Harold, he did not know he was the child in your care, although he felt strongly attracted to him. After he came abroad to us and told us of you, we decided to keep things hidden from you until his return, wishing to surprise you and your father. We will be happy to see you and Reginald and you father settled in a home of your own." After a few words with Reginald and his mother, Mr. Grey found out why the name Stacey had sounded so familiar to him, for Reginald's father had been the one with whom Mr. Grey had had dealings in the past.—Boston Post

COOKING A HUSBAND.

A Few Simple Rules for Making Them Tender and Digestible.

In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance as in buying mackerel, or by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Don't go shopping for him, as the best are always brought to your door. When bought, tie him in the saucepan with a strong cord called Comfort—as the kind called Duty is apt to be weak. Husbands sometimes fly out of the saucepan and become burned and rusty on the edges, since, like lobsters and oysters, you have to cook them alive. Make a clear, strong, steady fire out of Love, Neatness and Cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzles don't be anxious. Some husbands do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of Kisses, but no vinegar or pepper. A little spice improves husbands, but it must be used with judgment. Don't stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watching the while lest he should lie too close to the saucepan and so become tasteless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children.

Cycling in France.

The cycle tax in France serves one useful purpose—that of illustrating the growth of the pastime in that country. So great has been the rise of automobilism in France that some diminution might have been expected in the Frenchman's enthusiasm for the cycle. The actual figures, however, speak emphatically to the contrary effect. In 1894, the first year of taxation, the number of machines was 203,306; in 1895 it was 256,084; in 1896, 329,816, and in 1897, 408,869. The figures for last year, however, have just been published and show a total of 483,414, or nearly half a million. It may confidently be expected, however, that the figures for the present year will greatly exceed even this total, for not only is the pastime showing no signs of diminution, but regulations introduced this year with respect to the carrying of a plaque will insure a more widespread payment of the imperial tax, which many riders have previously found it possible to evade.

New "Bob" Evans Story.

The following somewhat irreverent story is going the rounds of the press in relation to "Fighting Bob" Evans. Dressed in a plain suit of clothing, he went to church on a recent Sunday and seated himself in a vacant pew about midway up the aisle. Soon afterward a gentleman and a lady walked in and seated themselves in the same pew. The gentleman stood it as long as he could and then passed his card over to Bob, which read as follows: "I pay $2,200 annually for this pew." Bob glanced at the card and then passed it back with the following written on the other side: "You pay too damned much." The preacher then announced his text: "It is blessed to dwell together in the house of the Lord."—De Kalb Chronicle.

Benighted Superstition.

Mrs. Slimdiet—Well, that fellow Longhead, who talked about taking board here, is just about the most superstitious man I ever did hear of. He's actually afraid of ghosts. Maid—Ghosts, is it? Mrs. Slimdiet—Yes. He writes that he has changed his mind about coming because he's been told that half a dozen people have starved to death here.—New York Weekly.

Ask Them About It.

Half the men you meet are carrying the watches they gave their wives before marriage.

THE LATE MAJ. LOGAN

BID FAIR TO RIVAL THE "BLACK EAGLE."

For Gallantry Upon the Field of Battle — His Death in Luzon Brought Sorrow to the Nation—Son of the Late Gen. Logan.

The late Major John A. Logan, Jr., was born in July, 1865, at Murphysborough, Ill. He received an appointment to West Point Academy and attended for two years, but resigned shortly before his class was graduated. Since his marriage to Miss Edith Andrews, daughter of the late millionaire coal operator, C. H. Andrews, March 22, 1887, he resided at Youngstown, O. He owned the Oriole stock farm and was engaged in limestone mining.

His aspirations for military life, acquired from his noted father, "Black Jack" Logan, were made evident in his boyhood days. He attended the grammar schools, and then entered the Chester Military Academy. Shortly afterwards his desire for an army life found way and he was appointed a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point. He remained here but two years, however, leaving his class to enter into the real estate business at Washington, D. C., where his father, then a member of the United States senate, resided.

Shortly after this he gave his aid to the vice-presidential campaign of his father. In the war for votes he met C. H. Andrews of Youngstown, O., a coal and iron magnate. The latter took an active interest in the political

MAJ. JOHN A. LOGAN, JR.

fight, and in the end "Jack" Logan became the husband of Mr. Andrews' daughter Edith. The wedding occurred in 1887 and was one of the society events of the year.

After his marriage Maj. Logan devoted much of his attention to the breeding of fine horses. The English hackneys from his Ohio stock farm secured prize after prize at the horse shows held throughout the country. When the big horse show was held at the Chicago Coliseum, in October, 1897, John A. Logan, Jr., was selected to manage it. It was the greatest attempt Chicago had made in this direction and the affair was a great social success. The results were marred by contentions between directors and members of the state board of agriculture.

Then it was that the Spanish war-cloud drifted over the horizon. Mrs. Logan, the mother, had known the experiences of the civil war, and she encouraged her son in his efforts to organize a regiment of cavalry. This fighting force was raised through his efforts, but not accepted by the government, the federal authorities refusing to accept the organization unless it should be regarded as part of the state's quota of volunteers. Governor Tanner placed obstacles in the path of the young soldier by refusing to commission him as a volunteer, and it was only after many delays that he was commissioned a major in the volunteer service by the war department at Washington. When the mobilization of troops prior to the Cuban campaign was ordered "Jack" Logan reported to Gen. Bates at Mobile as assistant adjutant general. The brigade organized at this point was classed as an independent body when the force was removed to Tampa. The Third and Twentieth regiments of infantry were included in this brigade. When the army disembarked at Baiquiri on the morning of June 22, 1898, Major Logan was one of the first men ashore. The kind acts which made him so popular in his brigade began with the first night among the land crabs and sands of Cuba. It was long after 9 o'clock that night that a party of newspaper men bumped into Gen. Bates' headquarters, a few dog tents having been dropped along the bridle path leading to Santiago. A few boxes of hard bread figured as the food supply of the encountering party.

"We can beat that," was Maj. Logan's salutation, and, late as it was and with warnings of Spanish guerrillas sounded by scouts, he ordered fires started, and his orderly was sent into action. Cans of sardines, pots of tea and other delicacies came into sight as a result of this activity.

"You're a Delmonico on wheels," was the resolution voted to "Jack" Logan that night.

The war in Cuba ended, Maj. Logan asked for service in the Philippines. He was commissioned major of the Thirty-third volunteers. He had been in the island of Luzon but two months and had more than once distinguished himself for gallantry. He fought, it was said, that his own merits might be recognized and that the opposition of politicians who had combated him might be erased.

Maj. Logan had achieved some repute as a writer. This incident of his career was closely connected with the coronation of the czar of Russia in 1897. At that time Maj. Logan, then a captain on the military staff of Gov. Bushnell of Ohio, had a personal quarrel with Gen. McCook, which led to an enmity between the two families. At the coronation, so the story started, Capt. Logan had worn a uniform to which he had no right. This report was traced, so Capt. Logan declared, to Gen. McCook's statements and an apology was demanded. It was asserted that John J. McCook, son of the general, had worn a cavalry uniform to which he was not entitled. During his stay in Russia Maj. Logan compiled material for his book, "In Joyful Russia." He presented in this volume, which attracted favorable attention, his observations of the customs and government of the land of the Muscovites.

The New Alaskan Mining Camp.

One of the latest and most promising of the Alaskan mining camps is Nome. It is located on the Snake river and had a population of 5,000 on Nov. 1. At that time, however, 2,000 people were expected to leave for the states by the last boats, and the winter population will not be more than 3,000. There is not a tree or a bush as thick as a man's wrist growing within fifty miles of Nome, and there is, therefore, a ready market for lumber at $250 a thousand, while shingles sell for $10 a bunch. Coal costs $75 a ton and the purchaser is expected in addition to act as his own delivery wagon. Potatoes sell for $20 a hundred, and beans, locally known as Klondike strawberries, at eight cents a pound. Gold to the amount of $3,000,000 is said to have been taken out of the Nome placers this season, and every available claim in the limited district was long ago staked out. There is at present great activity in the Nome real estate market. The last important sale, prior to Nov. 1, was that of the El Dorado building, a frame shanty on the main street, 50x75 feet, on a lot measuring 50x150 feet. It sold for $22,000 cash. The ruling price for day labor is $1 an hour, but there is almost no work doing. Longshoremen get $20 a day, but are compelled to stand up to their waists in ice cold water most of the day and are consequently soon laid up with sickness.

Trying.

"Well, that's enough to try the patience of Job," exclaimed the village minister, as he threw aside the local paper. "Why, what's the matter, dear?" asked his wife. "Last Sunday I preached from the text, 'Be ye therefore steadfast,'" answered the good man, "but the printer makes it read, 'Be ye there for breakfast.'"—Chicago News.

There are fifty girls in one mission school in China who had been thrown away by their parents to die in their infancy.